The Christian Radical.

A journal of progressive Christian thought and opinion.

(yes, this zine is free.)

"Poverty Is to Care And Not to Care"
By Dorothy Day

Originally published in The Catholic Worker, April 1953, 1, 5.

Last May I wrote an article on Poverty and Precarity, using the latter word of Fr. Crenier who spoke of the need of religious orders to embrace precarity. That article was translated and reprinted in Giordani's La Via in Italy. We could write for the next twenty years, as we have been writing for the past twenty, of poverty and its joys and sorrows, and still not clarify all that is meant by it. St. Francis was the little poor man and none was more joyful than he. But he began with fear and trembling, with tears, hiding out in a cave from his irate father, expropriating some of his goods (which he considered his inheritance) in order to repair a church and rectory where he meant to live. It was only later, that he came to love Lady Poverty. He took it little by little; it seemed to grow on him. Perhaps kissing the leper was one great step that freed him from attachment to worldly goods, to his fastidiousness, or fear of disease.

Sometimes it takes but one step. We would like to think so. And yet the older I get the more I see that life

is made up of many steps, and they are very small affairs, not giant strides.
They may loom large in our consciousness, they may look big, but they are but boulders on the way that we have overcome. I suddenly remembered last month that I had kissed a leper, not once but twice, consciously, and I cannot say I am much the better for it. My progress has been no swifter. Once it was on the steps of Precious Blood church early one morning. A woman with cancer of the face was begging (beggars are only allowed in slums) and when I gave her money (no sacrifice on my part but merely an alms which someone had given me) she tried to kiss my hand. The only thing I could do was kiss her dirty old face with the gaping hole in it where an eye and a nose had been. It sounds like something but it was not. One gets used to ugliness so quickly. What one averts one's eyes from one day, can easily be borne the next.

Another time I was putting out a drunken prostitute with a huge toothless rouged mouth, a nightmare of a mouth. She had been raising a disturbance in the house. I had been remembering how St. Therese, whose feast is also this month, said that when you had to say no, when you had to refuse anyone anything, you could a t least do it so that they went away a bit happier. I had to deny her a bed but when that woman asked me to kiss her, I did, and it was a loathsome thing, the way she did it. It was scarcely a human normal mark of affection.
One suffers these things and forgets them.

But the daily, hourly, minutely, giving up of one's own will and possessions, which means poverty, is a hard, hard thing, and I don't think it ever gets any easier.

You, can strip your self, and you can be stripped, as Koestler wrote in his story of a French concentration camp, but still you are going to reach out like and octopus and seek your own. Your comfort, your ease, your refreshment, and it may mean books, and music, the interior senses being gratified, or it may mean food and drink. One giving up is no easier than the other. Cups of coffee, cigarets, jealousy of time etc.

Personal Affair

These are the things we all know about, or should know about. It is a personal affair, such poverty, for the celibate, willing or unwilling.

How does property fit in, people ask. It was Eric Gill who said that property is proper to man. And St. Thomas Aquinas said that a certain amount of goods is necessary to lead a good life. The recent popes wrote at length about justice rather than charity, that should be sought for the worker. Unions are still fighting for wages and hours, and it is a futile fight with the price of living going up steadily. They are

fighting for partial gains and every strike means sacrifice to make them, and still the situation in the long run is not bettered. There may be talk of better standards of living, every worker with his car, and owning his own home, but still this comfort depends on a wage, a boss, on War. Our whole modern economy is based on preparation for war and that is one of the great modern arguments for poverty. If the comfort one has gained has resulted in the death of thousands in Korea and other parts of the world, then that comfort will be have to be atoned for. the argument now is that there is no civilian population, that all are involved in the war (misnamed defense) effort. If you work in a textile mill making cloth, or in a factory making dungarees or blankets, it is still tied up with war. If one raises food or irrigates to raise food, one may be feeding troops or liberating others to serve as troops. If you ride a bus you are paying taxes. Whatever you buy is taxed so you are supporting the state in the war which is "the health of the state."

Renting

When the catholic Worker started back in 1933, it was possible to rent all the apartments one wanted. One could always have a home in the old law tenements which after all had water and toilets and could be heated very satisfactorily with gas or pot bellied stoves. Such heat was more satisfactory very often than the steam heat which went off in the night, and which stayed on during warm spring of fall days.

Housing reform has meant that thousands of such buildings have been closed down, not repaired and refitted for occupancy, and all the new housing has not sufficed to take care of the people. It is not only that our municipal lodging houses are full of families, as well as single men, unemployable and migrant workers; other old law tenements are overcrowded as they never were before with a tremendous influx of Puerto Ricans and all the other poor who have not been able to pay the new rents charged. There is no knowing how many stay in these old tenements, in one apartment. There is not the strict supervision of one's company and relatives that there is in the housing projects.

The Enslaved

We had no trouble renting even with five children in the family. Now it is quite another story. It is all but impossible, and then only with the help of the law, to rent an apartment or house for a family with children. Most of the young families in the Catholic Worker movement have had to buy, seeking a down payment from loans, from the G.I. bill of rights, from family friends, from relatives, or in some cases, saving it with grim self denial, cutting out every superfluity until a necessary down payment has been saved. Steady work is presupposed of course, a city job, civil service, the kind of a job that will make a bank feel sure of the home owner. The fact is, we are not a nation of home owners. We are a nation of people owning debts and

mortgages, and so enslaved by this installment buying that we do indeed live in poverty and precarity.

The only way to live in any security is to live so close to the bottom that when you fall you do not have far to drop, you do not have much to lose.

Honorable Occupation

The argument may go this way, but we still can choose what seems to us the most honorable occupations, which have to do with human needs. We can choose the kind of work most necessary to do, and if possible where there is no withholding tax for war. Ammon Hennacy in working by the day, at hard farm labor, has not paid income tax for years One can so cut down one's standard of living that no income tax is required; families with many children pay no income tax. One can protest in many ways this contribution to the atom and hydrogen bomb. If one owns property the government then can take a lien on it. If one has money in the bank, the government can confiscate it. So truly such protest as this calls for the most profound poverty and a voluntary doing without property.

All this is by way of saying that poverty is no longer voluntary, no longer a counsel, but something which is laid upon us by necessity. Even in the natural order, it is more profitable to be poor, to deny oneself, to do without the luxuries in order to have the necessities of food, clothing and shelter. The merchant, counting his profit in pennies, the millionaire with his efficiency experts, have learned how to amass wealth. Following their example, and profiting by the war boom, there is no necessity for anyone, so they say, nowadays, to be poor. Given health of mind and body, of course.

But the fact remains that every house of hospitality we have is full. There is the breadline standing outside 223 Chrystie St. every day twice a day, two or three hundred strong. Families write us pitifully for help. This is not poverty, this is destitution.

In front of me as I write is Fritz Eichenberg's picture of St. Vincent de Paul. He has a chubby child in his arms and a thin pale child is clinging to him. Yes, the poor we are always going to have with us, our Lord told us that, and there will always be a need for our sharing, for stripping ourselves to help others. It always will be a life-time job.

So-Many-Poor

But I am sure that God did not intend that there be so many poor. The class structure is of our making and our consent, not His. It is the way we have arranged it, and it is up to us to change it. So we are urging revolutionary change.

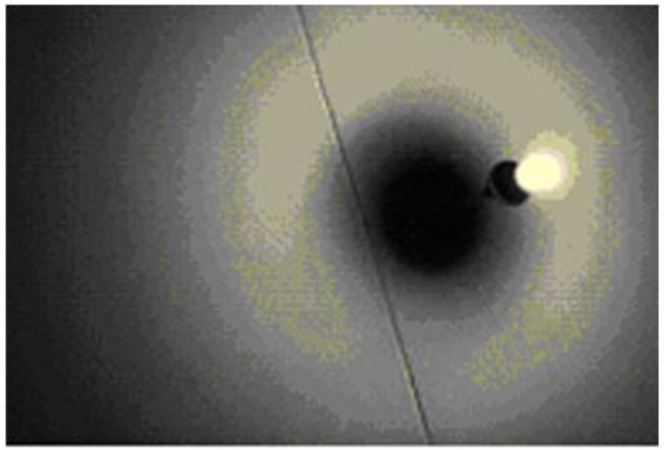
How much land does a man need? Some of us only need the six feet to hold us when we die. Some of us need half and acre and would have a hard time tilling that. Some need 3 acres and a cow. We need shelter and we need work and our days are spent in earning them. It should not be so grim a proposition to raise the funds to help them. Every other type of building is going on in the country and the family still lacks land and home. Peter Grace once said to us, "If you paid the peons in South America more than seventy-five cents a day, they'd only work a couple of days a week, only for enough to live on." I have heard this statement many times from other employers, whether they too were employed by a corporation, or whether they were responsible as employers.

Deadly Sin

There have been many sins against the poor which cry out to high heaven for vengeance. The one listed as one of the seven deadly sins, is depriving the laborer of his hire. There is another one, that is , instilling in him the paltry desires to satisfy that for which he must sell his liberty and his honor. Not that we are not all guilty of concupiscence but newspapers, radios, television, and battalions of advertising men (woe to that generation) deliberately stimulate his desires, the satisfaction of which means the degradation of the family.

Providence

Because of these factors of modern life, the only way we can write about poverty is in terms of ourselves, our own personal responsibility. The message we have been given is the Cross, Christ and Him crucified. "The apostle must bring faith in providence back into the world," Fr. Regamy writes. "He must show what Christianity asks of us…I would betray Christianity if I did not repeat his law…trying to get to the depths of men's hearts, to its most secret place where the most depraved man is as innocent as a child." We believe this but on the other hand we have seen the depths of the faithlessness and stubbornness of the human soul, we are surrounded by sin and failure, and it is a mark of our Faith in Christ and our brother to believe this. We must continue to write, to appeal and to beg for help for our work and for an increase in a love of poverty which goes with love of our brothers. <



A Test Of Faith....
By James Tidmarsh

God tested Abraham.

Isaac tested me.

It was a painting in this Bible story book, the kind you used to find at the doctor's office, the one with the aqua blue cover and the little white reply card envelopes in back.

Isaac half naked, his long, teenage, muscular body, bound on an alter made out of stones.

The painting gave me this tickle inside, like when you were a kid sitting in the back seat of your parent's car, and they'd go fast down a hill.

That kind of feeling. That kind of tickle.

I would stare at the picture, wanting it to be a place and not just a page. I would imagine my self climbing in and laying on top of him. I wanted to run my fingers through his curly brown hair, to run my hands over his smooth, well-defined chest, to kiss his thinly painted red lips.

I must have been seven or eight when I discovered that painting, sandwiched between the story of the flood and the story of the coat of many colors.

A foreshadowing of the many crushes and fantasies to come.

I learned later, of course, that boys aren't supposed to think of such things. Boys aren't supposed to want to love other boys. It isn't natural, it isn't right.

"If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: they shall surely be put to death; their blood shall be upon them." Leviticus 20:13

I can't tell you when exactly someone told me the feelings that I had were wrong, but I can tell you about the guilt that I felt after they did.

Jesus could forgive my little white lies. I could say a prayer for forgiveness for that stolen candy bar, but not even the lamb of god, who took away the sins of the world, could save me from the condemnation. At church, at school, at home, the message was the same, only the names and faces of the messengers changed. I learned to identify with the prophet Jeremiah,

"Is there no balm in Gilead…?"

Except it wasn't a nation I was praying for God to heal, It was my own inner struggle. On Sundays and Wednesday nights, at concerts and conferences and healing services and prayer meetings and revivals and

summer camps and youth rallies, I was always the first to raise my hand. Every head bowed and every eye closed. Over and over and over and over again.

I had become an expert on the subject of "sin", especialy in one certain area. I could tell you the dominate mother theory, the absent father theory, the molestation theory, I knew their theories and well as I knew the verses that they used to condemn the way I felt, the way I was.

In high school..in Bible college..

"…is there no physician?"

Lonely nights spent with guilty feelings. It wasn't Paul's "peace that passes understanding" it was a prison, set inside a subculture that claimed to worship the one who came to set the captives free.

Eventually I shut my eyes, turned away and wandered off into the desert.

Alone.

Out away from Dr. Dobson, and Exodus ministries, Steven Curtis Chapman, Michael W. Smith and DC Talk. Away from "This Present Darkness", "Left Behind", and books with titles like "What you need to know about homosexuality" and "Can homosexuals

really change.' Away from videos exposing the "lies of a life-style" and "Gay days-what Disney doesn't want you to know." Away from $13.99 family bookstore christianity..

Alone.

There in a valley of the shadow of death, heaven on one side and hell on the other, it all seemed so clear, heaven is for the righteous, not the gay.

That's when I stumbled into the scandal. His arms out stretched, his eyes and head hung low, his broken body, his nail pierced hands. Blood flowed from the wounds of a nation that tolerated no sin but their own. A religion that spoke with the authority of scripture but had forgotten what is was to be human. Flies of injustice and misunder-standing, intolerance and hatred, covered his head, his torn flesh, his dirty feet.

Hanging there…on that cross…He looked at me…at me.

I looked at him.

Our eyes met.

I understood.

It was no longer a question of whether or not it was a

sin. The cross says every ones a sinner. The cross says it doesn't matter what the popular religious opinion of the day is or was or will be. The cross says "Even if a mother could forget the child in her womb" - something impossible, but even if she could forget - "I will never forget you." The cross says "unto the least of these" The cross says "you're human."

I understood.

The bridge to heaven wasn't dependent on whether I was gay or straight. The bridge of heaven didn't depend on how much I prayed, read my bible, or attended some church.

"The just shall live by faith."

The bridge to heaven was the scandal on the cross, not my right words or my righteous deeds.

Jesus doesn't belong to a church. The church belongs to him. He accepts "whosoever".

I still have that Bible story book, by the way.

My crushes have changed, as have my feelings. I'm quite a bit older and the stories don't get read much anymore, but there, sandwiched, between the story of the flood and the story of the coat of many colors is a painting, of God testing Abraham, his hunk of a son,

laying, half naked on an alter made from stones.

God tested Abraham.

Isaac tested me.

But it was the love of God that ultimately won us all.

"If I weep let it be as a man who is longing for his home."
-Rich Mullins.

"And why call ye me "Lord. Lord," and do not the things I say?"
Luke 6:46

Obedience

The thoughts and ideas I am going to write about are not completely my own. Other than attempting to put things in my own words and from the vantage of my own particular experiences, I am merely re-iterating the work of other authors, most notably George Macdonald, a Scottish author from the late 1800's. If you want a deeper insight into what I am writing then I recommend the book "Knowing the Heart of God", which is a collection of Macdonald's essays.

When I first became a Christian some 12 years ago, I did not question too much the things I was told by other Christians. I accepted most ideas and was generally pleased that I was now on the winning team, and would be going to Heaven when I died. However, as time passed certain questions and problems arose in my mind that I felt were not fully answered by the people who were teaching me about Christianity. What I was being taught was this: In order for someone to be saved, that is, to have their names written in the Book of Life so they could get into Heaven when they died, what one had to do was to come to a basic understanding of who Jesus Christ was (and is) and then they had to get down on their knees and say a prayer that was along the lines of "Dear Lord Jesus Christ, I know I am a sinner. I ask for your forgiveness and pray that you will come and live in my heart." After saying that prayer one was saved and would be born again and would get into Heaven. If one died without having done this then that person would be going to Hell to be tormented forever without any hope of ever getting out of it.

Here is where my questioning started. As far as I understand it, the basic operation of being saved can vary from church to church, between different denominations of each of those churches, and between different people from those denominations. Some people would say that you need to say that prayer and also be baptized in water, others might say you have to be confirmed, or accepted into a particular church body, so forth and so on. It was these abundant opinions that brought me to my first real road-block with Christianity. With so many different beliefs and ideas about how one must be saved, then how was one to know exactly which was the correct way? If this question was not boggling enough, then it was further compounded by thought of all the people who would be doomed to eternal punishment simply because they had not heard the correct way to be saved. If a person had been raised Mormon would they be sent to Hell, even if they had tried to be a very good Mormon? And what about all the people who had already died

without hearing about the correct way to believe? And what about somebody who died while very, very young and did not have time to understand the proper way to be saved? And further still, what about someone who had been taught that God was an angry horrible lord, and that person could not accept such teachings about the origin of all that was good, so they rejected everything about Christianity?

I was very disturbed by these questions. I put them to older Christians I knew and they would basically tell me that, yes, indeed, these people were doomed to hell; however, children were not because they were innocent, and the people who died before Christ had come were in a special place awaiting some sort of judgment. These answers did not quite satisfy me, but I tried to accept them anyway. I tried to accept that it was our duty to make sure that as many people as possible would hear of the correct way of believing and being saved so that they would not go to hell. I tried to accept this by trying to convince other people of it, but I failed at that, and was not ever able to really believe it myself, so then I thought about rejecting Christianity all together, and have nothing to do with religion. But my entire life had been a hard road of slowly coming to the realization that there was indeed a God, and it was impossible for me to believe that there was not a very good God who created this life and all we know.

So I was trapped. I could not disbelieve in God, and I hated the things I was being told about God: that he only was going to save a certain few people from Hell and send the rest into eternal damnation simply because they had not decided to believe in the right way, or because they had never heard, or because they had been raised a different way. It seemed terribly unfair to me. I was miserable. I wanted to be on God's side. I wanted to do what was good and right. But in my more honest moments I was sickened by what I was trying to believe in and even tell others about. I am embarrassed to this day that I ever did attempt to believe these things that are so reprehensible to me. What's worse is that I tried to convince others of the truth of it even when I did not accept it myself. Anyone who has done something terrible and then later repented of it but never forgot it will understand how I cringe every time I even think of the way I would stand there telling people that they were going to hell if they did not accept Jesus Christ as their lord and savior.

Happily, I no longer believe this. I no longer try to convince myself of something that I could not believe a truly good God could be like. I still believe entirely in God, or at least I am growing in that belief all the time. What I do not believe is the nonsense I was taught back then: The ridiculous notion that unless one has the right OPINION of God then one is doomed to Hell. I have looked through the new Testament and some of the old and I am not convinced

that it says anything of the sort there. I have read what is written of all that Jesus taught and only see that he says the complete opposite. Jesus taught to the Jews that they would not get into Heaven by virtue of their religion, or by opinion, or by customs and rituals. He taught that by obeying the basic laws of God that were inscribed on the heart of every person from birth, then we would grow closer to God.

At one point, the religious teachers were asking how Jesus had gained all of his knowledge. He said to them that if they wanted to know whether he was really from God or not, then they would do as he was teaching,i.e. love your neighbor as yourself, love God, sell your valuables and give to the poor, do not cheat or lie, be honest in all of your doings, do not lust, or be greedy, or live in violence…etc. if you do these things then you will know whether or not he was from God. This is how I believe in Christianity. When I am greedy or selfish, when I lust or tell lies, then I am not at peace, and I feel darkened. When I try to live by my conscience, trying to do the things Jesus taught, by obeying God when I hear his voice. By doing these things I grow closer to God. My mind is at peace and I understand more of what I read not only in the bible but from other books that promote peace and understanding. These are the things that I think Jesus taught. I am no longer burdened by the egotistical idea that I know the one true way to be saved and have to convince others of it. Rather, I feel that if I can learn to live a good life, then others will see and will desire the peace I have gained from that life and will strive to do the same, whereas if I live a selfish life then people will see my torment and avoid living as I do. Either way God will use me. As for hell, If God sees that I need Hell and torment to make me repent of something, then so be it. I trust that God will know and I throw myself at his mercy.

adam christian robertson, 2005

"We the undersigned declare ..."
By Diane Roe of Christian Peacemaker Teams
28 September 2005

Last Monday for a few hours, Hebron's old city was alive with festivities. The Hebron Rehabilitation Committee (HRC) organized a festival in support of the old city. In the afternoon, I went outside to join in. When I opened the door to our CPT apartment, I saw a man gazing at the buildings opposite us. He turned toward me.

"My name is Fakhri Ali Shaheen. That is my home," he said, as he pointed to the building across from us. "But I can't go inside. These are our shops but we can't open them."

CPT was present on Christmas Day, 2002, when the Israeli Army erected a gate that spans the street and blocks entry to the corner building. From then on Fakhri Shaheen and hundreds of others like him have been locked out of their homes and shops in Hebron's old city and along Shuhada Street.

Fakhri Ali Shaheen looked wistfully at the building again. A stairwell on this side of the gate was open and could provide access to the roof of the building
adjacent to his; but there was razor wire at the top of the stairs, and soldiers occupied the rooftop.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a faded document folded up in his wallet. It was in Hebrew, but I already knew what it said. Our landlord, also from the Shaheen family, gave me a copy last year.

It tells how the Shaheen family saved members of the Mizrachi family in 1929. Ali Shaheen, Fakhri's father, stood with his brothers in front of the doors, risking their lives to save their Jewish neighbors from the rioting crowd.

The Declaration, which the Jewish Mizrachi family gave to the Shaheen family in 1967 reads:

" We, the undersigned, declare here that the children of the family Shaheen from Hebron, brothers Musa, Hamda, Ali, Itzhak and their late mother, the very respected Haja, saved our lives in the riot that took place in Hebron in 1929. Here are the details:

The riots and the massacre that occurred, as you know in Hebron in that year, gangs of killers and robbers attacked the Jews of Hebron and slaughtered and killed women, elders, and children indescriminately, among them our relatives. Exceptional was the Shaheen family that was mentioned above.

They risked their lives, and their families to save our lives against the killers who tried to attack our homes.

We were in that home about eighteen people, and the family Shaheen stood outside and protected our lives in unusual heroism, against the waves of rioters who tried to invade the house. The elders of the family read Psalms in hopes to receive Gd's help.

At the crucial moment against the attack on our family and the Shaheen family, as we said the Jewish prayer schmah Israel inside the house, we heard a very loud voice of Haja, the elder mother of the family Shaheen who was standing on the roof. She tore her dress and loosened her hair and shouted, 'In the name of Muhammed, in Allah, there are no Jews here.'

When the killers saw the very respected woman, her dress torn, exposed in front of them, they immediately left the place. As a result of that act and that of her children, we survived, all of us."

Fakhri told me of the days when Jews and Arabs lived together in peace. A cinderblock wall now separates the area from Shuhada Street, and prevented us from seeing the Israeli settlers who travel on that road freely. The graffiti is not visible from our side of the gate.

The Israeli settlers have spray painted "death to the Arabs" and "gas the Arabs" along the route where Jews and Arabs used to shop and stroll side by side.

Fakhri Ali Shaheen left, and I continued toward the old Qazzazine (glassmakers') quarter, and then to the souk al laban where the festival sounds drifted into the streets. For a few hours the people of Hebron's old city had a respite from the present oppression, memories of a beautiful past, and a vision of a better future. <

Kurdish Workers' Councils-1991
By Alex Iwasa

A review of "The Kurdish Uprising & Kurdistan's Nationalist Shop Front and Its Negotiations with the Baathist/Fascist Regime (Plus an Account of the Workers Councils)" by Anonymous, Firestarter Press 2003

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This is a pamphlet originally printed in England in 1991, with various statements from Kurds as the basis for the text. The main section that shares the title of the tract was written by a former peshmerga, a kind of fighter frequently referred to though never clearly defined, statements from two Workers' Councils, and personal accounts from two participants in the uprising against the Iraqi Central Government, within the Workers' Council in Sulliemania.

There are a number of errors with the type, uniform names and spellings are not used, many Kurdish words and groups aren't defined initially if at all, and some European English are all things that should have been edited to make the new text more readable.

In the first section, Kurdistan is defined and explained how it relates to Turkey, Iraq and Iran as a basis for understanding the 1991 uprising, and past workers' councils in the Middle East. Workers' councils, or shoras, had been organs of struggle in the Middle East before. Shoras had emerged all over Iran during the revolution in 1979, but "many of the most vocal elements ended up being executed by the Iranian mullahs." They were decentralized, and "there seems to have been as many different instances of 'workers' control' as there are factories in Iran," which is thought to be the reason for their downfall since the emerging Islamic state was temporarily united with the capitalist class.
Shoras were formed not only in Sulliemania but also in Kirkuk, Hawlir, Rania and Nasro Bareeka.
Both reprinted shora statements equally denounce the Iraqi government and the Kurdistan Front (KF), list grievances and put forward demands.

The first, from the Committee of Street Hawkers of Sulaimania, [here is an example of the lack of uniform spelling, Sulliemania is spelled at least three different ways through out the tract!] puts forward militant declaration against the government and the KF for harassing its members, who work 12 or 13 hours days outside. They also appeal to fellow workers for solidarity, and demand work and their share of Iraq's wealth.

The second statement is from the Committee for Workers in Small Factories in Sulliemania. With its emphasis on the revolutionary actions of the oppressed, it focuses on the power of the people, the horrors of the Baathist regime, and the class interests of the KF. It concludes with demands for the

withdrawl of all invaders from Kurdistan, freedom for political prisoners, and the prisoners from Anfal and Bartani, total political freedom, and a popular vote on the outcome of the negotiations with the government.
The accounts of the shora participants come from rather different perspectives. Both document events in Kurdistan, news from other parts of Iraq, and their activism. The first wanted to work closely with the KF and denounced keeping the shoras strictly for workers. The second account considered the struggle of the shoras to be against "the bosses" and "the old administration," stating that the KF "wanted to give the bosses back their jobs." The second account also documents the general activities of the shoras and their slogans.

Heavy fighting, negotiations, distribution of arms, and meetings to discuss peoples' needs and actions to take and taken, such as militia organizing, and medical teams within the shoras are discussed by both. The shoras retrieved looted medical supplies, collected blood for the wounded, and restored the hospital, electric and water operations.
In a time when certain pundits try to say we must choose between Western Imperialism and terrorists or question the ability of Middle Easterners to live in a bourgeois democracy, these accounts beg the question, Will the Middle East have real workers' democracy first? <

Catholic Worker websites:
www.catholicworker.com
www.catholicworker.org
http://ca.geocities.com/vancouvercatholicworker/

Blogs
www.nonviolentjesus.blogspot.com
www.catholicanarchy.org

Radical Progressive Christianity
www.jesusradicals.org

Anti-War
www.stopwar.ca
www.resisters.ca
www.wri-irg.org

other activism
www.foodnotbombs.net
www.vcn.bc.ca/citizens-handbook/

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The Christian Radical is looking for submissions for upcoming issues. If you liked this zine and feel you would like to contribute to the next one please send submissions as attached files to:
the.christian.radical.zine @gmail.com
please also include a short bio and contact info (e-mail/blog/website).

Thanks again!

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